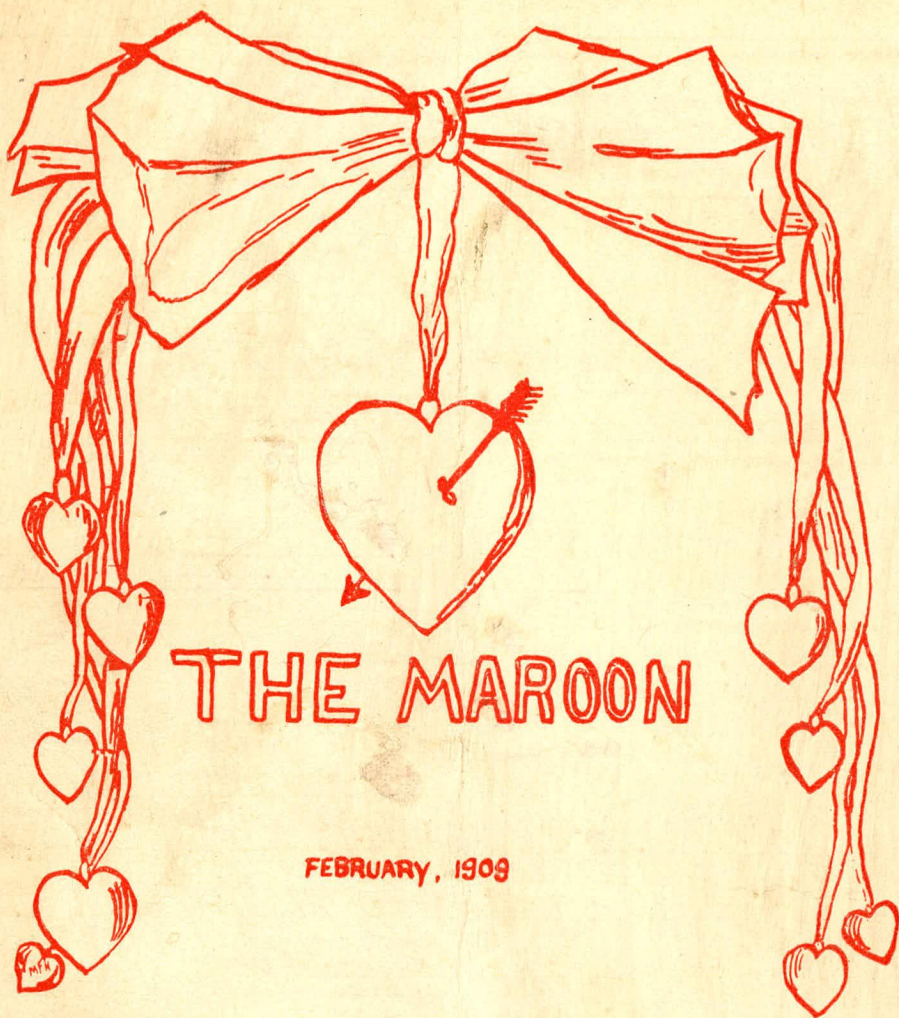


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FEBRUARY, 1909

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THE MAROON.

Entered as second-class matter January 24, 1906, at the Post Office at Tacoma, Washington, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Volume VI

Tacoma, Washington, February, 1909

Number 5

A Tale of the Northland

SNOW, more snow, and still more snow; drifted on the foothills, packed in the canyons, and heaped up on the mountains, which stood out against their intensely blue background like sentinels keeping watch over the quiet little valley. Indeed they kept their watch well, for nothing crept into that valley all the long winter through. Even the sun was barred from it except for an hour or two, when he peeped cautiously in between the peaks and then disappeared.

But now the ice, that formidable shield of the mountains, was fast melting and being changed into sparkling, rippling, little streams which ever widened and spread as they sang their way down into the world below, and the sun, growing bolder, strode over the icy barrier and came down into the valley, lifting the white blanket which had kept Mother Nature's children warm in their winter sleep, and daring them to come forth and play with him. They yawned and stretched their little arms upward—and then,

as in a day, the valley was a mass of bloom. Thus came the Spring-time into the valley. The days grew longer and warmer and the flocks of wild geese came to make their nests and raise their young, far from the disturbing hand of man. The deer came to nibble at the fresh, green grass, and sometimes a bear lumbered down from the canyons to feed on the blue berries growing abundantly there.

It was nearing the end of June, when, through a rocky canyon to the southward, two strangers entered the valley, two men, weary and footsore, leading a couple of tired pack ponies.

One of the men was possibly sixty years of age but his long, unkempt hair was almost white, his shoulders stooped and his face furrowed with lines that hardships and disappointment had traced there; but the face was fine in its rugged outline, with keen, dauntless eyes shone beneath the shaggy brows. He carried a gun over his shoulder and led the way, carefully picking a trail around the jagged rocks.

His companion was a young man just out of his teens. His broad brimmed hat was pushed back from a fine forehead, revealing a face, clear-cut and handsome, with clear brown eyes. His whole manner showed the careless grace of one accustomed to taking life easy. His fresh khaki suit and high laced boots showed plainly that it was his first trip over an Alaskan trail.

The contrast between the two men was striking, and it was no wonder that "Old Mack's" friends said that he must be losing his mind to take up with a young tenderfoot like Chad Wilson without any reference as to his past history or any apparent reason for his sudden attraction. And Mack did not see fit to explain that it was because young Wilson was so like one who had been the pride of his life—now wife and son had lain for years in a little churchyard and he, like many others, had buried himself in Alaska to forget. But that was his secret.

There were many questions as to Mack's proposed plan for the summer, but not a man would have cared to ask him. They saw the two always together and learned that they were buying an outfit for all summer, but Mack kept his counsel well and one morning they had disappeared and no one knew even what direction they had taken. Now, as it was nearing the end of the sixth day, we find them entering this quiet little valley. Several deer which were grazing near lifted their heads, sniffed the air, then disap-

peared down the valley, and a whirr of wings and cry of the nesting fowls greeted them as they made their way down the stream.

An ideal camping place was found near the water and after the ponies were unpacked and the little tent set up, Chad gathered wood and prepared supper while Mack tended the horses and gathered boughs for a bed.

This hidden valley had been sighted by the old man the summer before as he was on one of his long prospecting trips. There was every sign of gold in the rocky hills and in the clear stream which flowed through the valley, but it was very near the end of the season and to be caught there after the snows began meant certain death, so, marking carefully a trail, he returned to Nome for the winter, and now, with a complete outfit for a good summer's work, he and Chad had come again.

Here he was sure he would make the big find he had looked for so long. His hair had grown white, and his shoulders stooped with the toil and hardships of a prospector's life. He had starved, and frozen, and worked, and hoped, but always the gold lured him on. He had never had a pardner since "Slim Ike," as the boys called him, had cheated him out of one of the richest finds on record. But when Chad, young and hopeful, with money enough for a good start, came to Nome the old man took a fancy to him and, seeing the men about him, who cared only

for his money and nothing for his future, the old man resolved to save him, if possible, from some of his own experiences. After a few confidential talks with the young stranger, Mack decided to take him with him on the trip he intended to make. It was a big move, but something in the lad's face seemed to warrant it and he took the risk. So far Chad had been all he could have hoped. He knew nothing of prospecting but was very handy with the camp work. There was never a complaint of the length or roughness of the trail, although at the end of the first day his feet were badly blistered and he was too tired to sleep at night. Mack doctored him up and the next morning they were on the trail again, Chad shortening the way with his college yarns and cheery whistle.

To the old man, who through many experiences had learned to read men's natures like a book, this cheerfulness seemed almost forced at times, and the first night in the valley, as Chad sat dreamily studying the flames or peering off into the darkness that had settled down over the hills, he seemed restless and troubled. Sometimes he would start as if someone had touched him. The next morning, however, he was himself again, admiring the beauty of the valley and its surrounding hills and full of hopes for a rich find. They spent the first day making camp comfortable and piling up wood in case of a storm. At the end of the first week Mack thought he had located three pretty good veins

and the sandy bed of the stream was rich in dust. They worked early and late, but they were making it pay.

During the summer the restlessness which Mack had noticed in Chad the first night had increased and once he asked if there was any possible way of getting a letter out to the States. Mack told him that the only way would be to take it to Nome to mail and this would be a risky thing to do as he was almost sure to be followed back and their claims weren't filed yet. Chad seemed so very anxious, however, that finally Mack decided to take one of the horses and go to Nome, if Chad would hold down the camp, and while there he would file their claims. The next day when Mack started to carry two letters, one addressed to Mrs. Carr and one to a well known banking firm in San Francisco. Chad told him if any one was going out from Nome he should ask someone to mail them farther South. It happened when Mack reached Nome that a friend of his was going South, so he took the letters and promised to mail them at Seattle. The one, Mack felt sure, was to Chad's mother—why the boy had changed his name he did not care to reason out, many men found it convenient to change their names in Alaska. There was a feeling, however, that all was not right with the lad, but he knew sooner or later he would hear the story and he was willing to wait Chad's own time; but Chad's time came sooner than he expected.

It was necessary for him to stay in Nome several days before his business was settled. He was questioned closely about his mines and luck, but his answers were evasive. They watched for his departure but in some magical way he disappeared as he had at first.

The country was more open now and Mack made good time going back, but he worried about Chad, for he was reckless and ambitious, and ever before him came images of Chad in some trouble. When he gained the first sight of camp there was no smoke, although it was time for supper, still he thought Chad perhaps had been so interested in his work he had forgotten the time, but when he reached camp and found no signs of anyone having been there all day, he became alarmed. Sliding the pack from the pony's back, he snatched some clothes in case of an accident, and a flask of whiskey. Then, jumping on the horse, he was away to the nearest diggings. There was no sound of work or sign of life about, but down at the stream where they usually washed the gold lay one of Chad's heavy gloves. Here the ground was softer and he traced footsteps to the foot of a rocky bluff towering up several hundred feet. It looked like a blank wall but with a careful search he found an opening, a mere cleft in the rock, which sloped upward from the valley. The pony had been following, as trained pack ponies do, until he reached this place, he threw up his head and snorted. The miner tied him a short

distance away and then scrambled hurriedly up the narrow defile.

It was hard to see in the gathering dusk the dark form as it lay huddled against a rock. But the old man's trained eye caught it immediately and with a cry that was half a sob he knelt beside him. Chad lay still, so still that one inexperienced would have thought him dead, but Mack, who had discovered a wound in his side and knew the unconsciousness was caused from loss of blood, chafed the cold hands and deftly bound up the wound. With a moan Chad opened his eyes but was too weak to talk. Mack made him drink some of the whiskey and finally they started for camp. It was nine o'clock when they finally reached camp after a hard, painful journey, and far into the night Mack worked over the boy. He had fallen into a stupor and only at times a light of understanding would come into his eyes. A fever, caused by the wound, set in and for a week he raved and tossed and it was through the long nights of anxious watching that Mack learned his story. First it was his mother; then something about a horse race and money and the bank, then wild protestations against losing, and putting it all together, he gathered that Chad must have taken money from the bank to bet on a horse race and lost. He could easily guess the rest. The old man's heart went out to the lad—it was so easy to go wrong and doubtless the temptation had been great. Then, too, some way he knew it was the boy's first transgression.

He knew now the strain the boy had been under all summer and felt that the letters were ones confessing all.

Almost another week of the precious summer had slipped away before Chad came to himself and could explain about the accident. He had climbed up the cliff, made a misstep, and that was all he could remember. When he learned by questioning Mack that he had given his secret away, he seemed worried for a time, but the old man looked straight into his eyes and said, "Boy, do you think the old man would betray you?"

And Chad knew he would not. Strength came to him again as the Spring had come into the valley, and his clean life and outdoor work of the summer told in his convalescence.

There were only a couple of weeks of good weather left, for already the nights were cold and they could hear the wolves howl in the mountains. The day came when they must leave. They packed their outfit and went slowly out through the canyon—from their summer peace into the cold reality of facing the world.

When they reached Nome everything was in a state of commotion. The last boat was going out at noon the next day and the belated miners were hastening their preparations for the morrow.

Mack and Chad were sitting by the stove in Mack's little shanty late that night talking over summer experiences. Suddenly Mack turned to Chad and said: "Lad, how much would it take to make you square

with the world and give you a new start?" Chad told him, and also that he had written to the firm and told them he would square it all up if they would give him time. They were silent for a time, each with his own thoughts, and then the old man spoke again: "You'll have to hustle a bit to get ready for the boat, I think it goes at noon." The boy looked up startled. "But I'm not going out—what good would it do. I'll try and get something to do in Nome this winter and I think if we do as well next summer I can clean up enough to go back and face it out. Then we'll both go back and you can take it easy."

"No, lad," said Mack, "You are going out tomorrow—back to your mother—back to the world; take this gold—no, not a word. Your life is all to live yet, mine is far spent. I shall be lonely for you, lad, lonely, but I've grown used to losing what was dearest to me. I will be glad to know I've helped someone to start on a different road of life than mine. Go back to the world, boy. Youth and happiness and love are calling you. Alaska is the place for me. I could not live now away from its mountains and everlasting snows. It was my healing, lad, when my life was all a wreck. But it's not your place." Then, as if he wished to change the subject, he began to gather and pack Chad's things. No argument on the boy's part could move the old man. And when he saw it would be rejecting a noble sacrifice to refuse he, too, busied

himself in preparation for his departure.

There were few words spoken at the parting, but the hand clasp and the honest moisture in Chad's eyes spoke

volumes. Mack watched at the dock until the boat disappeared from sight and then went back to his lonely little cabin. But the light of a conqueror was in his eyes.

Mary Florence Hamilton.



The Iliad

(Revised Edition.)

Prolog.

SO BEGIN with, Ate was the goddess of mischief. She got her dander up when she wasn't invited to a wedding and glommed onto her chance of getting even with the bunch. She wanted to make them sit up and take notice so she soaked an apple of the yellow metal into the wedding bower. She had printed on it, "To the Peach." Hera, Aphrodite, Athena and several other lemons entered the contest to set up their claim to being the peach that should get the apple. Paris was studying art for art's sake on Mount Ida, so they got him to act as judge. They asked Zeno to officiate first but he had cold feet.

The goddesses hadn't got onto the idea of modern standards of ethics so each offered a bribe. Aphrodite promised him the swellest woman going, and he took her up. This made the other goddesses mad. Aphrodite took him down to see the most beautiful woman, Helen of Sparta, and then ditched him. Helen happened at that time to be married to Mene-

laus but the divorce courts were so slow that Paris didn't want to wait to go through the necessary red tape. Accordingly they eloped without consulting Menelaus. The Spartan flew off the handle at this breach of etiquette and gathered up all the sports in Greece in order to get his wife back.

Now the Trojans lived in a little burg with a high board fence around it, and the Greeks camped around the outside. They had a pretty good time and stayed there nine years. Agamemnon was the loud noise in the outfit but Achilles could put spots all over him when it came to swinging the big stick or winning prize-fights. Each of these geezers had a captive girl and then the story begins.

BOOK I.

Ag (short for Agamemnon) had the daughter of a priest of Apollo, and the old man wanted to get the girl. Ag told him to trot along and eat his cookies. The priest got up on his high horse and prayed to Apollo to prey on the Greeks. Achilles sug-

gested that Ag had better be good and mind the priest. Ag got hot around the collar. He gave the priest his daughter but he made Achilles give him his girl. Achilles blubbered like a two-year-old, and called on his mother for help. She told him to sulk and say mean things, but not to fight. He sat around growling but when no one was in sight, he sang, "Father and mother pay all the bills."

His mother was going to ask Zeus to help in the scrap but he had gone off on a toot to Africa and wouldn't be back for twelve days. Thetis, the old woman, chased up to Zeus at that time and made goo-goo eyes at him until he said he wanted to help but his wife wouldn't let him. Finally she got him to nod his promise when he thought Hera wasn't looking. When she came in, he looked like any hen-pecked dub when he has been doing something contrary to his wife's orders. She savvied that something was up and asked him who he had been flirting with. He put on a brass front and told her she was too much of a mut to understand his plans and almost made her think he was boss of the household.

NOTE—The foregoing was not written in the English department, but was composed in answer to a question in a Greek examination. The rawness of the style doubtless arises from the fact that the author is a Freshman and we hope that his style will improve.—Editor.

TO FRESHMEN.

Read! Obey!

I. Thou shalt not laugh, nor talk loudly in the halls.

II. Thou shalt not run, nor scuffle in passing to and from classes.

III. Thou shalt withhold thy winning smiles.

IV. Thou shalt, when meeting higher classmates in the halls, stand aside, and let your superiors pass in front.

V. Thou shalt not spoon in the library, for that is a place for study.

VI. Thou shalt address thy teachers as yes'm and yes sir.

VII. Thou shalt remember not to pass to thy classes until the chimes are heard.

VIII. Thou shalt give that organ, the mouth, at least five minutes' rest each morning.

X. Lastly, remember that thou shalt not pass notes when the teachers are looking.—Ex.

PATERNAL PROVOCATION.

I.

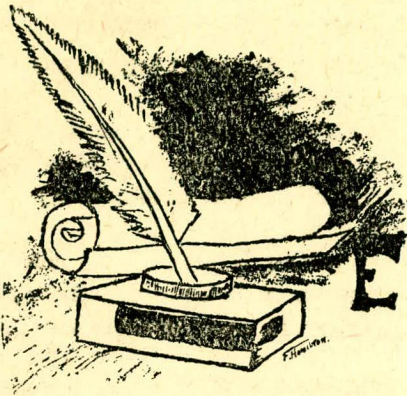
It is 10 p. m. They are seated in the parlor.

"No," she says, bowing her head, "Pa says I am too young to become engaged."

II.

It is just 1:30 a. m. They are still seated in the parlor.

Suddenly, from somewhere upstairs, a gruff voice shouts: "Henrietta, if that fellow waits a little longer you'll be old enough to accept his proposal."—Woman's Home Companion.



EDITORIAL.

THE MAROON

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Don't be a square peg in a round hole. Find your place and then fill it, fill it so full that there won't be any room left for failure or discouragement.

Don't be a square peg always hitting the corners, but be a well rounded peg, filling completely any posi-

tion to which you are assigned. But be sure you have found the right place to fill, be so sure that there's no shadow of doubt left.

Take an active interest in your University life, for your interest and activity here is only a forerunner of what you will be when you go out to face the world. If you are a stick in college just so surely will you be a stick out of college. But a real live college man or woman becomes a real live force in the active world, and is a source of inspiration and help.

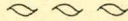
Therefore, train yourself to be a Booster for your University, boost for your faculty, boost for your athletic contests, in short, boost for every activity of college life.

Among the famous centennials of 1909 none arouse more patriotism in the heart of every true American than the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, known to every American by the familiar title of "Honest Abe." And certainly he is

one of the grandest figures in history.

France may have her Napoleon, England her Wellington, and other nations their heroes, but as for us Americans, let us pay homage to a

man, steadfast in purpose, firm in the great crisis, and yet withal tender-hearted as a mother; a man who epitomized his own character when he said, "With malice toward none and charity for all."



SOCIETY

PHILOMATHEAN NOTES

For the past month the Philomathean Literary Society has endured several breaks in the routine of their work due to the services lately held on the society's meeting night. However, the programs rendered have been especially good.

The society was entertained during this past month at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brix. Both the program and the refreshments were hugely enjoyed.

An installation of new officers, as well as initiation of new members, was also held. We expect from now to have a new impetus and consequently better productions, since everyone from the new officers down to the meekest member feels the relief after the examinations. Now, Philos, let us make our hall ring with our best efforts in literary lines. Let us try to excel in every possible line during this semester. If we each do our part well we can assist the society to higher levels.

The Philomathean Literary Society regrets the fact that their

"Philo Entertainers" are soon to disband, since Mr. and Mrs. Ed Kendall are shortly to leave for Eastern Washington to make their home. To you, thus departing, the Philos bid "God speed" and a hasty return.

The annual declamatory contest of Academy of the University of Puget Sound occurred Monday evening, February 8th. Great enthusiasm was displayed by the various classes represented, and each contestant was presented with a beautiful bouquet at the close of their selection.

Miss Hazel Allen, representing the second years, won first prize; Mr. George Calkins, representing the the first years, won second prize, and Mr. A. E. Martin, representing the third years, won third prize.

A section of the chapel was assigned to each class, and these were artistically decorated with class pennants and color.

THETA NOTES.

The Kappa Sigma Thetas have just closed a most prosperous term and are looking forward toward one even

more prosperous and delightful than the last. The last program on "Indiana Men," which was unusually good, was followed by a business session, in which the new officers were elected, and are as follows: Chaplain, Ruth Banks; President, Vera Richards; Vice President, Frances Frame; Secretary, Clare Friedly; Treasurer, Marguerite Monroe; Society Reporter, Bessie Marsh; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ada Hooton.

Tuesday evening, February 2nd, the Theta girls were most royally entertained in the Society Hall by the H. C. S. Fraternity. An amusing program on "Girls" was given, which took up a large part of the evening, after which all were seated at a long table and partook of a delicious oyster supper, prepared by the men of the fraternity. The decorations were in violet and green, the Sorority colors, the tables being illumined by dozens of little candles on violet colored stands. Long after the supper was finished the merry crowd remained at the table, where toasts were given and college songs sung. The Thetas will always remember this as one of the most pleasant evenings ever spent in College halls.

AMPHYCTION LITERARY NOTES

AMPHYCTION is a Greek word meaning Neighbor.

"Amphyction she is,"

"Neighborly they are,"

"Amphyction he is,"

"Pleasant we all are."

It is interesting and instructive of late to hear our deep discussions and debates on the rules of parliamentary law.

We suggest to the students arriving, if they wish to participate in literary work, to make themselves known to our executive officers, as follows: Mr. Wagner, President; Lewis Benbow, Vice President; Miss Putman, Secretary; or to anyone of the members of the Society, for registration.

You are welcome to our programs and to take part in our songs.

A LATE SONG.

(Tune, "Orange and Black.")

Let the Philos have their glory,

And the H. C. S. their pride,

And the Kappa Sigma Thetas

Float their colors far and wide;

But our song shall be Amphyction,

The Greek word grand and old,

And we'll float the noble banner

Of the green and the gold.

We have come from hill and valley,

Logging camp and railroad town,

We press forth with eager footsteps

To attain the laurel crown.

But whatever may befall us,

We will e'er be true and bold,

And recall the golden mem'ries

Of the green and the gold.



NOT HIS FAULT.

Magistrate (sternly)—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here that I never wanted you to come before me again?

Prisoner—Yes, but I couldn't make the policeman believe it.

ATHLETICS

January 15th our basket-ball boys met and defeated the Whitworth College quintet by the decisive score of 21 to 13. This in some measure helped to even up matters for our sore spots resulting from the football defeats of last fall. The game was played in the Whitworth gym.

January 22nd the Wilson Business College of Seattle played our team in our own gymnasium. The Seattle team was completely outclassed. Score, 44 to 7.

The same evening the Girls met the girls from Wilson College and scored another victory—4 to 2.

The High School game on January 25th was looked forward to with great interest as it is well known that the H. S. boys are playing great ball this year. The game began with matters looking very rosy for our team, for little Calkins dropped in basket after basket until the score ran up to 10 to 4 about the middle of the first half. To the close observer, however, there could not fail to be noted a steady, machinelike method on the part of the High School boys that looked bad for our champions if they ever got to scoring. This they did before the half was over and the whistle blew with the score at 12 to 10.

In the second half they set a man to break up Calkins' little game of hanging around the basket and our

fellows got confused. They didn't play up to their ability, while the H. S. machine began to work like a charm. Our guards could no longer stand the pace and the last few minutes saw the ball netted again and again. Score 24 to 34. U. P. S. gymnasium.

The game of January 30th, on our own floor, was likewise a hard one. The U. of W. sent over some chaps that looked like giants in comparison to our lads. It was a classy game. Our men played like demons and, with a little more of that steady, effective team work, such as both the Tacoma High and the U. of W. exhibit, would have thrown a wonderful scare into our Seattle friends. As it was, however, Donaldson's desperate energy and Case's dogged tenacity won admiration from all concerned but failed to win the game. Gordon in this game was suffering from a bad arm and this gave his man, the star of the State U. team, quite an advantage. Score, 29 to 42.

February 4th, 5th and 6th the U. P. S. quintet spent away from home. They first played at Hoquiam, where they met with some very unfortunate accidents. Early in the game Case received an injury to his elbow that will probably put him out of the game for the season. Later Donaldson was thrown against the wall with such violence as to disable his

right shoulder. With these men out of course the game went to Hoquiam—19 to 29.

At Centralia, with subs in the places of Donaldson and Case, the game again went against us—13 to 38.

At Olympia Donaldson went back into the game and the boys found the High School lads easy meat at 39 to 17.

The U. P. S. girls also appeared again at this place but, though they played a splendid game and had the Olympia girls outclassed, they were unfortunate enough to let them get three points the best of the scoring. Score, 8 to 11.

We have a splendid lot of basketball players. At times in every game our men play like princes. There is, though, room for considerable improvement in getting the five men to work as one machine. That is the underlying principle of all games that require more than one man to play them. No man should play alone or oblivious to his comrades.

It may not come in one season, nor in two, but once they get it our team will be invincible.

The following lineup, with a few alterations as to position, has held throughout the month:

Men—Forwards, Donaldson, Calkins; center, Gordon; guards, Decker, Burford, Case.

Girls—Forwards, Florence Anderson. Ina Salisbury; center, Field Miller; side-center, Mae Reddish; guards, Miss Lauderdale, Miss Struble.

Monday mornings out about the gym things begin to look like baseball. There are several men in the school that look like good baseball stuff, and it is expected soon they will be given an opportunity to show their mettle. Games are being arranged with the Oregon Colleges and with the U. of W. at present.

~ ~ ~

Arthur—They say, dear, people who live together get to look alike.

Kate—Then you must consider my refusal as final.—Ex.

She—How kind of you to bring these flowers. They are nice and fresh. I think there is some dew on them yet.

He—Yes, there is a little, but I'll pay that tomorrow.—Ex.

Chug-Chug!

B-r-r B-r-r-r.

Honk—Honk!

Gilligillig—gilligillig.

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motorcycle from another, an auto-truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip—sip! Zing—glug!

He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it, he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train.—Ex.



Somebody said, "The funniest things fail to get into the Maroon." Why? Because **you** don't hand them in.

Berna M.—An archipelago is a group of islands with water between them.

Mr. Jamison, not being able to get a girl to accompany him to Bishop Hughes' lecture, became rather morose one evening while studying German, but suddenly exclaimed in a paroxysm of joy, "Oh my! but I do love to decline the feminine nouns."

Mr. F. (who sat directly behind Mr. D.), slapped Mr. D. on the right shoulder, saying: "That's one on you, old man," when little Mae (who sat on Mr. D.'s left) said, "Oh! that was my hand you hit."

Ask her what under the moon and stars she was doing there.

R. D. S. (watching an admiring flock of girls as they crowded around Charles Todd)—Gee! I'm going to get my hair cut pompadour, too.

Professor Hanawalt (in plane geometry)—What are you doing, Mr. Weaver?

Ralph Weaver—This proposition is a converse of the other, so I wrote it backwards.

O. B. C. (substitute for the girls' basket-ball team)—Can I have a comp. so I can take Clar—? Leap year is past, Orpha.

Miss L. (at the Freshman spread in honor of Minnie Conklin, who was leaving for Kansas)—I hate to see Minnie go, especially as she is leaving the state; it looks as if she were deserting Mr. Utter.

Mr. S.—That would be utter desertion, wouldn't it?

Miss R. B. (approaching T. N. after a visit to his room)—That's the bummiest face powder I ever saw.

T. N.—What face powder?

R. B.—That you have up in your room.

T. N.—Ha! ha! ha! That's not face powder, that's powder for sore feet.

R. B.—It took me an hour to get it off, and it isn't all off yet. If it spoils my complexion you'll have to foot the bill.

T. N.—I have already footed it—it was my powder.

The scene: A few yards south of the corner of Sixth and Sprague.

Time: 12:30 p. m.

The Cast: Mae—The daughter of the house. Mr. D.—A relative. Mrs. R.—Mae's mother.

ACT I.

Mae: "O, shucks; I forgot the key."

Mr. D.: "O, never mind a little thing like that. I will try the windows."

Mr. D. (after ineffectual attempt at windows): "Nothing doing."

Mae: "My, but I hate to have to ring the bell and wake mama, but here goes."

Mrs. R. (from upstairs window): "Walk right in, children; I left the door open."

Mr. D.: "Now wouldn't that jing-frazle your grandmother's preserves!"

ACT II.

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?



EXCHANGES

Did you ever realize its not very conducive to patience, etc., to be obliged to look clear through a paper and then be obliged to turn to the ads. to find where a paper is published? Why not put the name of the place on the cover?

"Clarion," Sacramento, Calif.—One is not disappointed when the inside of your paper is examined. It is on a par with your excellent covers.

"Purple and Gold," Huron, S. D.—Have you no exchange column?

"Boomerang" — Your arrangement might be improved upon.

"College Argus"—Wouldn't it be wise to print your paper in magazine shape? Also you do not make the

best possible use of your space. Your exchanges are excellent.

"The Cadet"—Can't you afford a separate page for exchanges?

"Review," McMinnville—Has a novel cover design.

"Tatler," El Paso, Texas—Your "Touching Talks" is very novel and interesting.

"The Sioux"—You have some excellent material but on account of arrangement and print is hard to read.

"T. H. S. Bugle"—Why not publish a larger paper with more material?

"Wa Wa"—The letters to Santa Claus in your Xmas number are novel and interesting.

Miss B.—Pronounce and illustrate in a sentence the word, s-q-u-a-l-o-r.

Fair Junior—Squaller. She was a regular little squaller.—Ex.

NEW AND STARTLING FACTS IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

(As contributed by Our Freshmen.)

“The common people contained artisans, peasants, and other working people.”

“An Egyptian tomb was made of stone, with a hollow place scooped out in the middle for the dead person to lie down in. Over him was put a sort of lid shaped like himself.”

“The chief amusement of the ancient Assyrians was cutting off the ears of their captives.”

“The great Phoenician products were their fine fur timber and purple dye.”

“Saul was the son of Abraham, and was sold by his brothers into Egypt.”

“David killed the giant Goliath with a flipper.”—Ex.

ODE TO LATIN.

All the people dead who wrote it;
All the people dead who spoke it;
All the people die who learn it;
Blessed death! They surely earn it.
—Ex.

New Boarder—Do you ever have any meat except beef?

Old Boarder—Oh, yes, we have Belgian “hare” every night.

New Boarder—How comes that?

Old Boarder—Well you see our cook is a Belgian woman.—Ex.

Miss G. (3 A. German)—The Germans would more idiotically (idiomatically) use “horror.”

Boyibus stealibus watermelorum,
Likibus muchibus go for momeorum;
Dogibus seeibus, chasibus bororum;
Boyibus runibus, pantibus torum.—
Ex.

A.—Did you ever notice that matrimonial process is like that of making a call? You go to adore, you ring a belle, and give your name to a maid.

B.—Yes, and then you are taken in.—Ex.

Grandpa Wells thinks his grandchildren should know something of ancient mythology, and to that end he frequently leads them through the mazes of Greek, Roman and Egyptian lore of that character.

His success in interesting Will, though, has been rather doubtful, for the boy has a curious way of mixing up several subjects when he talks that throws the kindly old gentleman into spasms. For instance, he asked Will at dinner:

“What do you remember of Hercules?”

Will was proud of what he knew of that hero of the past, for he blurted out with great confidence:

“He slew himself with his own jawbone.”—Ex.

Ashes to ashes,

Dust to dust;

If Latin don't kill us

Geometry must.

—Exchange.

"Ma, who was Caesar?"

"Why, I'm ashamed of you. He was the man who said 'Eat, thou brute,' when his horse wouldn't take his corn.—Ex.

"Rebecca, you shall not shpeak mit dot Moses Leir once more."

"Oh, fadder, you preak mine heart. Ve vos almost engaged. Vy shall I not shpeak mit him?"

"He haf sold me a paste diamond for a shennuine stone."

"Oh, fadder, dot shouldt recoment him. If he can fool a vise man like you, vat fortune he haf in de chewellery piziness!"

"Vell, Rebecca, you vas schmarder as I thought. Get married ven you like, and I shall go into bardnership mit mine son-in-law. Prace up, Rebecca."—Ex.

Students,

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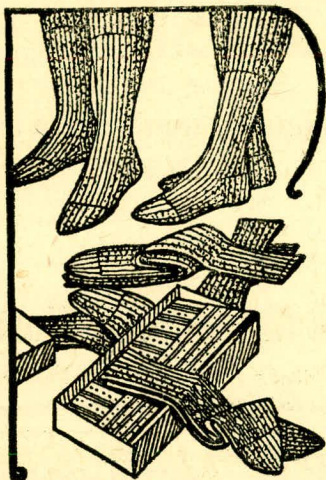
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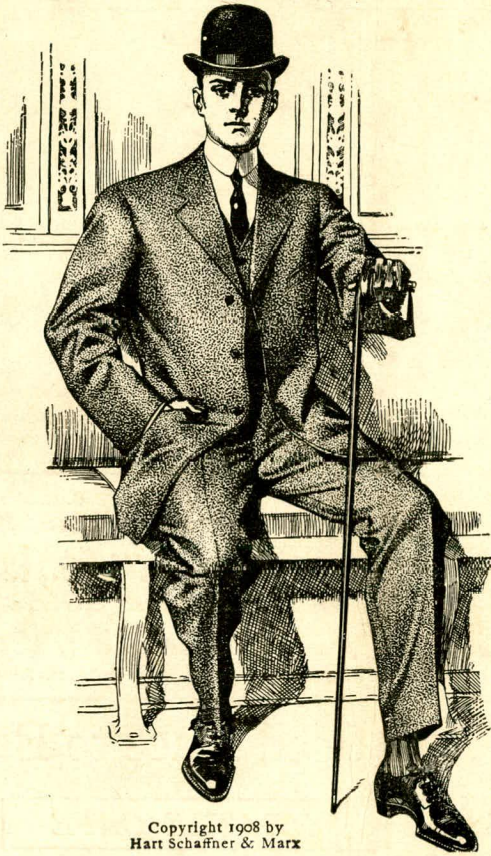
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